

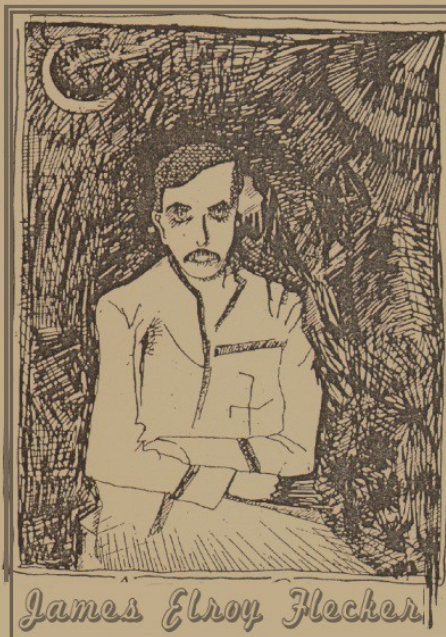
A Ship, an Isle, a Sickle Moon --

With few but with how splendid stars

*The mirrors of the sea are strewn
Between their silver bars !*

* *

*An isle beside an isle she lay,
The pale ship anchored in the bay
While in the young moon's port of gold
A star-ship-as the mirrors told-
Put forth it's great and lonely light
To the unreflecting Ocean. Night
And still, a ship upon her seas.
The isle and the isle cypresses
Went sailing on without the gale
And still there moved the moon so pale
A crescent ship without a sail*



James Elroy Flecker

A LIBRIVOX WEEKLY POETRY RECORDING

James Elroy Flecker

A Ship, An Isle, a Sickle Moon

Of all recent poets of his kind, Flecker is the most successful. The classical tradition of poetry has been mocked and mutilated by many of the noisy young in the last few years. Flecker was a poet who preserved the ancient balance in days in which want of balance was looked on as a sign of genius. That he was what is called a minor poet cannot be denied, but he was the most beautiful of recent minor poets. (from Old and New Masters (1919) by Robert Lynd; Ch 9 - James Elroy Flecker)

**Read by Algy Pug; Bruce Kachuk; Captaincredo; David Lawrence; David Alan Mors; Newgatenovelist; Foon; Graham Scott; Ian King; Jude; K. Merrill Emmons; Kate Vaws; Larry Wilson; Nemo; Phil Schempf; RajVO; Tom Daley; Tomas Peter; tovarisch and Zala2845.
Total running time: 00:23:08**

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